THE PORT FOLIO
ENLARGED.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."
COWPER.

VOL. II.] [No. 51.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25th, 1802.

AN AUTHOR'S EVENINGS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

FROM THE SHOP OF MESSRS. COLON AND SPONDEE.

JUNIUS.

To the lucubrations of this evening, this is a title, which will attract the attention of every student, and even detain the vagrant mind of the literary loiterer. JUNIUS, however he may disgust some by his democracy, astonish others by his audaciousness, irritate many by his prejudices, and grieve more by his total contempt of charity and candour, is still diligently and frequently perused by all, who can be arranged in any of the ranks of literature. This is the glorious triumph, this the high prerogative and imperial power of GENIUS, consummated by ART, that reluctant mortals are *compelled* to assent to its authority, and to admire, and to glorify, at the very instant they disapprove. This position is wonderfully exemplified by the transcendant success of these fugitive letters. Seditious, inflammatory, rancorous, exaggerating; without charity, that is *kind*, without candour, which is catholic, without truth, which is eternal, these factious epistles, sacred from the usual oblivion of party writings, still perpetuate the lofty fame of their author.* The most rigid criticism has saluted him with the title of a *legitimate English classic*. The parliamentary orator models his stile after the pattern of JUNIUS. The lawyer quotes him in his pleading; his elegant irony, and his venomous sarcasms are repeated both in the senate house and before the tribunal. Authors strive to turn periods with his exquisite polish, and, like him, to *point* their satire, and to *animate* their page. Declaimers are emulous of his indignant tone, and poets learn new lessons of melody from his harmonious periods. Though all his topics are transitory, though most of the personages, the objects of his reproach, are no more, though obnoxious men and measures have passed away, yet his ingenuity has contrived that his satire should be perennial. An ordinary demagogue may rail loudly, but is forgotten soon. His virulence fades away, with the occasion, which gave it birth. But JUNIUS does not "fight, as one who *beateth the air*." He makes *desperate passes*, and their effects are lasting. His vindictiveness, like that everlasting animosity, described by the Roman, is,

"IMMORTALE odium, et nunquam sanabile vulnus."

In America, perhaps, no book, with the exception of the Bible and Blackstone's Commentaries, is more generally perused, among men of letters, than Junius. Almost every lawyer and politician has much of him by heart. Our admiration of this splendid writer is fully commensurate with that of his own nation. In the speeches of our legislators, and in the writings of our authors, may be discerned many an imitation of his manner. Whatever, therefore, relates to this popular writer, will be read with uncommon eagerness, and with peculiar interest. Like Butler, Oldham, Churchill, and many more, who describe evanescent objects, and whose topics are both local and fleeting, even the lucid Junius is not, without a commentary, always clear. Many a note is desirable, and much explanation is necessary. A new edition, with these advantages, was wanted, and the more so, because many splendid impressions of this work, though they might captivate the eye, by the pageantry of plates, and the glitter of a hot press, yet offended the judgment of the student, by the most palpable violation of correctness. To explain the meaning, and to regulate the text of Junius, has been this year undertaken in England, by ROBERT HERON ESQUIRE, a Scottish author of distinguished reputaion, and who has long been conspicuous both for his learning and his loyalty. He has published an edition of these celebrated letters, with notes and illustrations, historical, political, biographical and critical. The following Review, from a literary journal, contains so much interesting information, and so much skilful criticism, I am persuaded, my readers will read it, notwithstanding its minuteness and length, with an attention, as continued as my own. The conjecture, that this long concealed author was the celebrated DUNNING,† afterwards LORD ASHBURTON, is highly plausible. Mr. Heron has rendered such essential service to the republic of letters, by his laborious researches into the history of his author, that this new edition of JUNIUS, will, without doubt, supersede every other extant. It is ardently hoped, that it may be promptly imported here, and that our countrymen may have fresh reason to study a pure English writer, whose classical stile will incite to emulation, and whom to imitate, in any degree, is sufficient to purify our expressions, to rescue our tongue from barbarism, and to render our conversation and composition both nervous and elegant.

The object of this edition of Junius, appears to be, to present to the world such a commentary, as will unfold the state and circumstances of political affairs, parties, and characters, in which Junius wrote; thereby to account for the scope, constituents, and effect of the letters.

In a preface, our author introduces an essay on the eloquence of Junius. Explaining the nature and purposes of eloquence; and tracing its progress, from its first rude essays, to its highest perfection, he observes, that the most exalted species of our oratorical excellence, is its complete adaptation of the best means to the best ends; that he is the most consummate orator, whose discourse, oral or written, most powerfully and effectually promotes wisdom, virtue, religion, private and public happiness. This species of eloquence comprehends purity of affection, and of motive, as well as force of genius, and impressiveness of communication.

A subordinate excellence of eloquence, is that, which rests much less on purity of design, than felicity of execution, which less regards the absolute goodness of the end, than the appositeness of the means.

The highest of these two characters he ascribes to Demosthenes.

'In this quality, I am inclined to think, that every other orator, of every age, must yield to Demosthenes. Demosthenes alone discerned, and steadily pursued the true interests of his country, in his opposition to the artifices and the arms of Philip. To preserve to Athens the ascendancy among the Grecian states, to save the republics from sinking into subjection to a barbarous monarch, to maintain, in the most civilized country of the world, that political arrangement of the people, under which alone its arts, its science, its virtues, had been known to flourish, to revive the energy of their ancient virtue, in the hearts of the Greeks;.... these were the express objects, to accomplish which, the great Grecian author exercised his eloquence. He discerned the true interests of Greece; he pursued them steadily, to the care of promoting them, he sacrificed all the sordid cares of private interest and base-minded ambition.'

For this highest excellence of eloquence, Cicero he justly deems inferior to Demosthenes.

'When he probes the soul, and detects the guilt of a Cataline, the prejudices and arts of the devoted member of a party are not less conspicuous, amid the thunder of his harangues, than the sublime beneficence and integrity of the patriot. In the speeches of the prosecution against Verres, you see chiefly the young man, striving to raise himself to political and oratorical importance, as the advocate of a splendid and popular cause. In the invectives against Anthony, personal resentment, and party zeal are much more apparent, than the generous spirit and the sublime views of pure enlightened patriotism, discerning and preferring nothing but the public good.'

Unblemished purity of design the author is far from claiming for Junius.

---

* In speaking of the elegant invectives of this malicious writer, the Editor employs the *plausive* stile, in behalf merely of their literary merit. Of their *political* truth or usefulness, he is more than sceptical. Indeed he abominates most of the doctrines of this demagogue. His insubordination, and his flattery of the people he hates, with a perfect hatred. They are false, malignant, libellous and enormously subversive of the best interests of society. The author was a *cowardly* fomenter of the passions of the populace; and when he strove to shake allegiance to the sovereign, and to destroy respect for the judge and the noble, he gave the best proof of the wickedness and sophistry of his cause, by *not daring* to advance, and to defend it *in the face of day*. His calumny of the King; of Lord Mansfield, of the earl of Bute, of the duke of Grafton, and of Welbore Ellis, was equally atrocious and execrable. Time, an unerring test, has proved him a *liar*. The ermined robe of Mansfield's justice is not even sullied with a stain; and the fair fame of the EARL OF BUTE, an honest minister, a most sagacious statesman, a learned scholar, and a munificent patron of genius, is not tarnished by the foulest arts of the lurking libeller. His virulent abuse of the Scotch, that gallant and high-spirited nation, they read, only to despise, and the memory of the hapless STUARTS will always be cherished by many a cavalier, execrating both the cruelty and the theories of Junius.

I cannot, in this place, refrain from recommending very earnestly to the reader DR. JOHNSON'S famous strictures upon the pernicious sentiments of Junius. See a Political Tract respecting Falkland's Island. In a vein of the sharpest satire, and with all the potency of argument and truth, that venerable champion of law and loyalty completely overthrows his adversary. Junius could not reply. His vaunted powers seemed at once to wither, as if blasted by the necromancy of a magician.

† The curious reader will find, in the works of Sir William Jones, a very spirited sketch of the character of this nobleman. Perhaps a recurrence to this article of biography and to the speeches and law arguments of Mr. Dunning, during a memorable epoch in British history, will reflect some light upon one of the most mysterious occurrences in the annals of literature.

'To overthrow (he says) a ministry; to *gratify* and *sway* the minds of a *populace;* to oppose a system for the abolition of national distinctions, and party prejudices, to indulge *secret disgust, jealousies or resentments, rankling at his heart;* to obtain the praise of unrivalled excellence in literary composition, were probably the leading purposes, with which this author wrote. He co-operated, but *without true patriot* design, for the redress of wrongs, which the long reign of aristocratical whiggism, and lately, the inexperienced zeal of toryism had inflicted on the constitution. In his invectives against particular persons, he descended into a malignity of attack, which, however effectual towards the ends he had in view, was *utterly incompatible* with exalted *rectitude* of design. He disdained not to mingle in the *miserable bustle of ochlocracy*, with as much readiness for wild mischief, as if he had been, in truth, a man of weak understanding. But in that design, which adapts all the means, as happily as possible, to the end in view, Junius is inferior to no other orator of any age. Junius uses no metaphors, except such as enter essentially and directly into the accomplishment of his design: he employs no figures, but such as perfectly amalgamate with his arguments. Whenever the shew of ornament, and the burst of passion have not a tendency to enforce conviction, he haughtily disdains them, and writes with the very plainness of a merchant's ledger. In his invectives, he had in view to confound and terrify the persons, against whom they were employed; to dignify, by repeating, in the language of eloquence, *the malicious jealousies, prejudices, and clamours of the vulgar;* and to assert the authority of a leader, by furnishing arguments and topics of complaint, infinitely more powerful than any which the rest of his party could find for themselves. Junius never, for a moment, sacrifices his primary object to any matter of subordinate importance. Even when outrageous in abuse, to a degree, that could not but offend the delicate and virtuous, he is not so, as being hurried away by his own feelings, but because the tone of the prejudices and feelings of the English multitude was not to be otherwise moved to his purpose.'

Having thus stated the objects and means of Junius, in a general view, Mr. Heron enters upon the state of affairs, at the time when Junius wrote. He takes a survey of the British constitution, in itself, and as conceived by Junius. In this part of his work, he gives an historical view of parties; especially the parties, which subsisted, from the accession of the house of Hanover. The whigs had predominated, during the two first reigns. Mr. Heron, *justly and highly impressed*, both with *the character* of *his present majesty*, and the *beneficial objects*, which he *has constantly pursued;* very clearly unfolds the policy of our sovereign.

'From the commencement of his government, our king had uniformly sought to choose his servants, according to their talents and integrity, without any regard to their party connections. This liberal system of policy greatly displeased the whig combination. The exercise of his majesty's prerogative, in appointing his political servants, was imputed to the influence of a secret junto; which, according to the received hypothesis, really guided every exertion of the kingly power. To this junto was imputed, both the general policy and every particular act, which the whig party, with the assistance or coincidence, of popular demagogues, reprehended. The whig aristocracy, in pursuing their specific objects of opposing a government, which did not choose to admit their combination, exclusively, to offices of state, experienced the co-operation of the turbulent and seditious, whose general purpose and character it is, to oppose all kind of government. Thus democratical licentiousness concurred with the disappointment of an aristocratical confederacy, in enmity to the court and ministers. These concurring causes aggravated discontents. The incident of the Middlesex election, which, though really the act of the house of commons, was imputed to the court, inflamed the general dissatisfaction; and the energetic and skilful oratory of Junius was steadily employed to fan the flame. To this purpose are the whole and every part of his letters subservient.'

This unity of design our author keeps very closely in view; and in his notes on the several letters, illustrating particular passages and topics, he clearly shews how well they are adapted to Junius's purpose. As prefatory to the work, he exhibits the whole view of political affairs and contentions; prefixed to each letter there is a sketch of the precise situation of things, on which that letter is written.

The author discovers very considerable acuteness, in developing Junius's design illustrated through his successive letters. His sketches of political parties, both historical and biographical, taken together, and in series, constitute outlines which, if filled up, might make a very valuable work, as a history of the British parties in the eighteenth century.

Considered in its main and professed object, as a commentary upon Junius, the present work very fully explains the meaning and purposes of the text. In this author's appreciation of Junius, though he very clearly discerns his moral and political merits; and, being himself the champion of *virtue, loyalty, and constitutional subordination*, he reprobates efforts, *so conducive to disloyalty, disorder, and licentiousness;* yet he rather over-rates the intellectual force, employed in these malignant efforts. If we judge from results, compare exertions with effect, and, in estimating effect, consider difficulty, what Junius performed, was, by chiming in unison with the prevalent tone of sentiment and opinion, to rouse and inflame the multitude. To effect such a purpose, dexterous skill is generally sufficient, without either extraordinary depth of understanding, or energy of genius. In analyzing the constituents of Junius's intellectual excellence, our author is extremely accurate in the enumeration of items, but rather magnifying the value of each article, over-rates the whole.

We admit with the author, that Junius is well acquainted with human nature, but that he thinks with the depth of a Johnson or a Tacitus, having very accurately studied both his works and theirs, respectively, we cannot admit.

Our author justly considers Junius as abounding in abstract truths; but, we think, overvalues their amount, when he says "on account, solely, of the great original truths which these letters contain, they would deserve to be studied, with unwearied diligence, by readers of every class, from the school-boy of the highest form, to the statesman and the philosopher."

In logic our author justly ascribes to Junius consummate skill. If his positions be admitted, his poignant deductions would be incontrovertable. Our author observes, "his logic was evidently not learned in the Scottish school, which, extending too far the principles of Bacon, would, in every instance, reject the powerful, luminous, and comprehensive method of synthesis, for the feebler details of analysis and subsequent induction." Junius certainly forbears these details of analysis in professing to exhibit both general systems of policy and individual characters, instead of establishing by investigation the principles from which he proceeds in his synthetic course of reasoning; he does not establish them at all. He has neither, by the Baconic mode, nor any other, proved the folly and iniquity of the systems and characters which with such skill and ability, he holds up to reprobation. His logic, therefore, though dexterous, is chiefly employed (as indeed our author admits) in sophistical misrepresentation. We think it requires stronger logical powers to convey important truths in spite of the obstacles of prejudice and passion, so forcibly to the understanding, thereby to influence and direct the affections, than to impress falsehood, gratifying prejudices and passions already influenced in the highest exercise of logic. In the impression of truth on unwilling minds, we have no data for estimating the powers of Junius. Our author compares his force to the force of Demosthenes; let us examine their respective exercise and effects.

Junius stirred up the people, already incensed against the ministerial system, and against the Dukes of Grafton and Bedford, Lords Bute and Mansfield, already hated, to hate them much more; he moved the citizens of London, already disrespectful, to the most insolent irreverencet owards our sovereign. Demosthenes roused and invigorated the torpid and luxurious Athenians to active and patriotic efforts. He called them from the pleasurable dissipation and indolence of the city, of which they were so generally and deeply enamoured, to the toils and sufferance of warfare, of the field which they detested and dreaded. Junius sailed with the current of popular opinion; he drove vessels down a rapid stream; Demosthenes, seeing the current leading to destruction, faced it, and, by the most arduous efforts, pulled and guided his countrymen to a salutary direction."

Our author will perceive, that here, perfectly agreeing with him as to the respective designs of Junius and Demosthenes, we are only differing as to their comparative force. We agree with the author, that whatever strength Junius possessed was constantly exercised; that there are no instances in his writings of intellectual oscitancy; and, in that view, he is superior to most eloquent writers or speakers. Considering Junius as equal in force to Demosthenes, our author, by just reasoning from this assumed principle, esteems him superior, in force, to most other orators and writers. In compression, we admit, he resembles Thucydides and Tacitus, but we cannot agree with him that he equals either in strength. Here we must observe, that compresssion or compactness of parts, though an indication of strength relatively to the size of those parts, justifies no assimilation between the whole strength of unequal bulks, though similar in acuteness of adhesion. A compact grenadier is not equal in strength to a compact giant. Pursuing his comparison of his hero with other distinguished men, besides those whom his manner, if not his substance, might resemble; our author gives him the preference to Cicero, and, in one point, the power of bringing knowledge by the nearest way to the uses of business, he is probably right. Whatever powers or attainments Junius possessed, he employed them with the directest efficacy to the objects which they were competent to acquire; however strongly he could run, he ran directly to the goal.

Our author, in comparing Junius with Mr. Burke, will, by most readers, be deemed to overrate Junius, and to under-rate Burke, when he affirms he was not at all EQUAL to the composition of these letters. That they are not *like* the compositions of Mr. Burke will be readily conceded. And he who, in its nascent pulings, perceived, comprehended, and expounded, the objects which the revolutionary monster was, in the progressive stages of chiidhood and youth, to pursue to the absorption of the world in its tremendous maw; who, with wisdom *accurately prophetic*, marking its influence and puerile strides, called on mankind to combine in crushing its rapidly increasing strength, before, mature and adult, it should become irresistible; who planned and inculcated means and efforts by which, if *uniformly adopted*, and *vigorously employed*, it must have certainly been destroyed; who, by *transcendant genius*, efficaciously

patriotic, saved his own country from its fell gripe; who, extensively and actively benevolent, endeavoured to preserve the rest of mankind; and would have preserved them if they had not been wanting to themselves; Is he not equal to the letters of Junius?

Our author, in one of his notes, styles Mr. Fox the political descendant of the illustrious Chatham. That Mr. Fox, in point of intellectual talents, equalled him, or any other man, except Burke, who has adorned the political stage during the eighteenth century, much as we disapprove of many parts of his conduct, we most readily admit. But in their political cast and character there is a total diversity. Fox has been uniformly the associate, and, very often, the tool of men infinitely inferior to himself. First, he was the implicit coadjutor of a ministerial junto; and, in that capacity, under the administration of Grafton and of North, the ardent impugner of the licence of the press, the austere censor of popular violence. Such was the tone of his party. From promoting the power of the crown, he turned to promote the influence of an aristocratical combination for reprobating all its counsels, and paralising its efforts; adopting their measures, he was the spokesman of their opinions, and the promoter of their views. Coalescing with his recent adversaries, he still pursued the same end of overbearing regal power by aristocratic confederacy. Subservient to this object, he renounced popularity, because not favourable to the projects of his party. Successively the instrument of the Court and of the aristocracy, and having pursued the schemes of each much farther than either the ingenuous candour of his own disposition, or the acuteness of his judgment could justify; he next ranged himself on the side of democracy, became the ardent champion of innovation, did homage to the mob, adopted the new opinions of puny politicians, and still was the spokesman of a party junto.—Chatham, on the contrary, set out with one great and general principle, to bring ability of every kind into beneficial action; to disregard all party distinctions, to promote the good of his country, by placing every man in the situation in which, from talents and disposition, he was most likely to act with patriotic and advantageous efficacy. As political men, Fox has generally spoken and acted from a party, whereas Chatham spoke and acted from himself.

Dissenting from our author in several of his positions, we think that his views of the several political characters are generally just and discriminating, and frequently profound. Junius he skilfully characterizes, as to the species of his excellence, although we think he magnifies the degree. We might select many favourable specimens of his knowledge and ability, but shall confine ourselves to two. Having traced party history to the close of George II.'s reign, he ably marks the character and effects of Mr. Pitt's administration.

'As Mr. Pitt was raised to power by his own abilities and character, and not through whig influence, the monopoly of the Cabinet was no longer possessed by a faction. He had set at nought all the wonted distinctions of party, all but the nobler distinctions of talents, activity, and public virtue.

'The Tories (continues our author) began to be more than ever reconciled to the revolution government; since it seemed, that they themselves were no more to be malignantly excluded from the confidence of the government of their country. Jacobitism had before received its death wound. France, though it had been recovering new strength, ever since the peace at Utrecht, though lately triumphant on almost every side, in the war with Britain and her allies, was now, on every side, disgracefully vanquished. The days of Elizabeth, of Cromwell, of the Edwards, and the Henrys, seemed to be, on a sudden, renewed. Within the space of two or three years, the national character was completely retrieved from disgrace. In these circumstances of the empire, and in these neutral dispositions of parties, our present Sovereign ascended the throne. The Whigs were still the masters in the aristocracy. Yet the Tories were no longer thrust to a distance from all public employment, and contemptuously oppressed. Parliamentary interest had been, for a time, compelled to truckle to superior virtue and talents. The Crown was not, at this time, absolutely so much, as it had some time before been, the mere property of an overbearing aristocratical faction; while the young Monarch had not yet, very decisively, declared to what party his confidence was to be particularly given, his person and the first measures of his reign were, among all, unboundedly popular. Had he continued to leave the principal authority in the hands of the Whigs, yet without proscribing the Tories, that popularity might have known even no transient diminution. But the ascendency of some excellent men, from among the Tories, at the Court of his father, had recommended them to the most confidential influence in the education of this young Monarch. That influence had not been abused; and he was therefore disposed, upon his accession to the throne, to employ them, rather than the Whigs, of whom he had less personal knowledge, as his chief Ministers. The Earl of Bute had, in the confidence of his young Sovereign, a pre-eminence over every other counsellor. Bute, certainly a good man, of no mean talents, of a pleasing personal appearance, and of the most elegant accomplishments, was, however, not free from prejudices and imperfections of character, as well as relations of party, and connexions of friendship, which could not but render his best administration little acceptable to the predominant party among the English. He was a Scotsman; and English prejudices could scarcely, as yet, induce men to see a native of Scotland, even in a subordinate ministerial situation. He was a Tory; and could it be suffered by the Whigs, that, after a sort of proscription, for more than five and forty years, the Tories should, at last, vigorously grasp the reins of Government? He was allied to the exiled family of the Stuarts; and should one, related to them, become the Minister of a Prince of the House of Hanover? No sooner had he begun to dispute the propositions of Mr. Pitt, in the Cabinet Council, to promote some changes, in which his private affections and enmities seemed to be interested, to call forth into official employment, or at least under the patronage of the Royal favor, both Tory merit and Scottish talents, than all the prejudices of the English Whigs, from the highest to the lowest, from one end of the kingdom to the other, rose in arms against him. Popular opinion, never stronger than at this particular moment, deserted Bute, when Pitt deserted the Cabinet. In vain did the Scottish Minister strive to procure the support of the Newcastle Whigs to a Ministry that should be effectively Tory, and guided, at least secretly, by himself, in all its measures. Those Whigs were sufficiently willing to exclude Pitt from office, and to reinstate themselves, by means of Bute and the Tories. But they would not be tools in the hands of Bute, till he should have established himself in the Ministerial authority too firmly to be driven from it by their opposition. They would not resign to the Tories the first part in the government of their country. They soon attempted to make it impossible for Bute to continue Minister. The peace negociated under his auspices, but by the secondary co-operation, as well of Whigs as of Tories, was, in comparison even with that of Utrecht, far from being very advantageous in a due proportion to the advantages Britain had gained in the war. It was arraigned, by the outrageous cry of popular opinion, from the press, and, after a short time, also in Parliament. The Earl of Bute would not embarrass his young Sovereign by fruitless attempts to serve him. He retired from ostensible power.'

Another specimen we shall quote, as it contains a new and very plausible opinion concerning the much agitated question, who was the author of Junius.

'I believe myself to have nearly discovered who was the author of these letters; but I have, without entirely satisfying myself, protracted my inquiries and renewed my doubts, till the necessity of publication calls upon me to interpret them, with an imperiousness that is no longer to be resisted. I cannot now lay before the reader all the detail of facts and circumstances, on which my judgment is founded. The result I shall briefly state:—The author of these letters was no other than the celebrated Dunning, afterwards Lord Ashburton. He alone had the motives for personal attack against Lord Mansfield and the Duke of Grafton, which certainly inflamed the mind of Junius, in writing these letters. He alone possessed that knowledge of the constitutional law of England, which Junius has so eminently displayed. The nervous epigrammatic cast of his speeches and pleadings had no mean resemblance to the style and manner of Junius. His style was formed, like that of Junius, by taste, and genius operating upon the phraseology of law and business, as well as upon the sentiments and images of the classics. He had those connexions with the Ministerial, the Parliamentary, and the City parties, with Wilkes, and with Horne, which the letters imply. He possessed that fervid mind and that maturity of experience from which alone such effusions could proceed. He had reasons to conceal, to the last, that he was the author: for, if he had been known as such, when the letters were written—his hopes of professional preferment, or of any favours from the Crown, must have have been, forever, at an end. At the time of his death, he, and his family, had received from the Crown, such emoluments and honours, that nothing could then impress his mind more strongly, than the necessity for his continuing to hide, that he had addressed his Sovereign, the Earl of Mansfield, and others of the first persons in these kingdoms, in a strain of such fierce invective. He alone had reasons of personal interest to resolve, from the very first, that his secret should die with him, and, to the last, to adhere to that resolution.'

As the author here only mentions a result, without detailing the facts and circumstances on which his conclusion is founded, we shall not enter into the discussion, but should be glad to have the evidence before the public, which might tend to throw light on a point which has remained so long in darkness.

But without adopting the peculiar opinions of this author, we have to acknowledge ourselves indebted to him for much entertainment from the perusal of his edition of Junius. We are particularly pleased with his exhibition of political measures and characters both in the preceding and the present reigns. One of the ablest portions of his work is his view of the Walpole administration. On Mr. George Grenville, and the Marquis of Rockingham, he is rather too cursory in proportion to his other sketches. He is extremely accurate in making the origin, process, and turns of the Duke of Grafton's administration. In his annotations on the Middlesex election, Mr. Heron exhibits a very masterly sketch and comparison of the opposite arguments of Johnson and Junius on that celebrated subject.

On the whole, we think, the author displays very considerable sagacity; and has ably and usefully employed it in his illustrations of Junius; and that his literary composition agreeably sets off important and instructive materials.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. XXXVIII.

Mr. Saunter,

If you will listen to a brother-lounger, rocking in his chair, he will mutter, between each puff of his Segar, a few half-formed sentences on *friendship*, the boast of man and idol of female sensibility.

Friendship, my dear Mr. Saunter, as a *genus*, has been scanned and applauded—The harp of the Bard has sounded its praise, and the goose-quill of each modern Juliet has shed rivulets of sable tears over its ephemeral existence. But it has numerous species, and each one is amply important to be distinctly noticed; for although they all end in the same manner, yet each owns a different source, and is marked in its progress by different traits—If my sketches be brief as "*Woman's love*," yet it must be remembered, that the Lounger is "*lengthy*" in nothing but a yawn; except indeed it be in spelling one of "The Rambler's" seequipedalia verba—He also, courts variety with the ardour of a lover, and therefore must be pardoned if he but skim over his subject, and dip no deeper than the swallow's wing on a May-morn, in the slumb'ring wave.

I shall notice, at present but three species of friendship, and while I am recruiting my exhausted energies to enable me to resume my pen, I shall, peradventure, lounge to a tea-party, where lolling at ease in my chair in the corner, I may witness the candid dissection of this essay by female critics, and be pierced by the satire of airy fops, who flutter round the room from Miss to Miss.

One species of friendship is found in its luxuriance among youthful bucks, who have just crossed the threshold of fashion's temple—I am so charmed with it, when it appears in these, that I never inquire whether it be seated in their hearts, or merely play on the end of the tongue—I know that it has been denied to exist among persons of this class, but certainly the assertion has been hazarded without due consideration—What but the seducing voice of friendship could seat them in the club-room, where instead of mountain air, and varried landscape, the fumes of Tobacco envelope them round, and decanters and spotted pasteboard alone relieve the wearied eye?—What but that voice could detain them at the club-room till the morning hour, when the damp dews have chilled the air, and the wily agents of pleurisies and consumptions "go about, seeking whom they may devour"—What but the cement of friendship locks them arm in arm in a high-street sabbath morning lounge, when each one perspires and creeps beneath the dozen capes of a coachman's *wrap-rascal?*—Could any thing but friendship induce them to assist each other in a box-lobby quarrel, or, when separated, enable them to correspond? Ye, then, who have denied to these the strong impulses of friendship, respect the authority of the observant Lounger, and "give to Cæsar, what is Cæsar's due."

The second species of friendship exists among the sacred sisterhood of antiquated damsels—It binds old maids together, as the Joiner's glue the wooden ornaments of a Clock—It creates in them the charitable desire of washing away the foul stains that blot each others reputation;—and when their hearts are mellowed by its influence, they skip from house to house, good-natured friends, to amuse and cheer with the first report of some charming tale, which tends to dignify and adorn the female character—On this species of friendship, however, I shall not dwell, for I have not yet heard it denied, that it exists between them—It is clear to my mind, that no man, I presume will be audacious enough to tell them, that their hearts do not yearn toward each other.

The third species is found among romantic Misses between the ages of 16 and 20—It shews itself in anxious morning inquiries after each other's health, and in multitudes of manuscript messages which fly between them, by the aid of a servant, with the rapidity, and the versatility, and the *lightness* of a shuttlecock from battledore to battledore—When either is *nervous*, it makes the heart sigh, and the eye stream—If separated from each other, it increases the coffers of the post-office department, and swells the mail to the size, of one of Æolus's wind-bags—It furnishes a constant theme of incessant and flippant and fluent dialogue, and on each other's virtues, and schemes and gallants and ball-room partners, each can out-last a winter's evening in amusing a circle of strangers or friends—It is always of a Phœnix-nature, for "a *friendship as warm as ours my dear girl,! is no where to be found.*"

My dear Mr. Saunter, my yawns now are grown too frequent and too long for me to continue my sketches.

Nick Indolent.

INTERESTING TRAVELS

IN AMERICA,

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF BULOW.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

PART THE FOURTH.

FUTURE DESTINY OF NORTH-AMERICA.

CHAPTER VI.

The commerce between Europe and America will decline.

The commerce between the new world and Europe will diminish, in proportion as that between Africa and Europe, will by the colonization of Africa increase. But this diminution will especially affect the United States, which are properly the subject of these considerations. What returns will the United States then be able to send to Europe, which the Europeans cannot procure nearer at hand, from Africa, of better quality, and in greater quantities, and, of course, at cheaper prices? Tobacco grows, in the tropical climates, in perfection; indigo the same, for that from Carolina is not to be compared, for goodness, with that from Spanish America. Rice of various sorts, and in immense quantities, is produced, to the utmost perfection in Africa. In some parts, they are believed to have five or six crops every year. Africa produces a peculiar kind of mountain rice, which is better than the others, as well as the most precious kinds of wood. It raises spices, and can yield all the tropical productions, such as coffee, sugar, cotton, &c. in greater quantity, and of better quality* than the West-Indies, where the crops are much more uncertain. To this must further be added, the reduced distance of transportation, and the encreased quickness of returns.

I am, therefore, of opinion, that after commerce has attained its greatest eccentricity, as at present it embraces the whole globe, it will again concentrate itself, and that each of the two worlds, the old and the new, will labour more within itself, and the colonization of Africa, will produce this salutary revolution. I call it salutary upon the following grounds.

There will be a greater abundance of goods, which will, therefore, be cheaper. The quicker returns, will, at the same time, produce cheaper prices, because the merchant will gain, by an increased frequency of exchanges, what he may perhaps lose by the reduction in the price of sales. By the diminished distance of the countries, from which the goods come, the prices of things, at their source, will be better known, and of course, the rapacity of merchants will not be able to raise them to such enormous prices. The expense of living will consequently be reduced. But even then, to enjoy these advantages, adequate establishments must be made, to provide against the monopolizing associations of merchants. I am likewise convinced, that soon or late, the commerce of a nation, with its colonies, must become a national concern, which the state must carry on itself, unless all property should be suffered to concentrate itself in the hands of the richest merchants, and we should all submit to their despotism; from which, may heaven in mercy defend us.

North America will then be principally confined to its trade with the West Indies: which will always truly be the most advantageous, or rather the only advantageous trade to her. The ports of Spanish America, will, by some revolution or other, be opened to foreigners, and of course to the Anglo-Americans. This will be the principal trade of the republic in future. For what can she send to Europe, when Africa shall yield rice, indigo, and tobacco? Will it be corn and meal? But with improved agriculture, and less frequent wars, all the countries of Europe will produce more corn than they need; agriculture will be improved, and wars more seldom; for we must at length grow more rational, or be totally ruined. Will it be wood? But America, when more cultivated, will no longer be able to supply this article, at least not in such qnantities, or so cheap. Will it be iron? But Sweden furnishes this. Some pitch and tar she may perhaps dispose of—and possibly silk and wine. But although the climate in the United States will probably grow continually more favourable for these productions, and although many promising experiments have already been made, with regard to silk, yet Europe, producing both wine and silk herself, will have both those articles cheaper than America can furnish her with them.

Some commerce will doubtless continue to be carried on between America and the old world, sufficient, indeed, to aid the continual advancement by progressive culture, towards perfection, of the various nations of the globe, by a mutual intercourse, and a reciprocal communication of their respective attainments in knowledge. This commercial revolution will, I believe, be accomplished in the course of fifty years, for in that period, the colonization of Africa will be probably very far advanced.

For, immediately after the peace, which, after all, must come at last, the English will certainly busy themselves very seriously with the establishment of these colonies; especially, as I consider myself authorised to assume, as a full certainty, that the virtuous part of the English nation, in which there are, perhaps, more remains of virtue, than among any other European nation, must soon or late obtain a predominant influence over the public affairs, which will enable them to realize their favourite project, the abolition of the slave trade, which can best be effected by the civilization and culture of the African coast.

In proportion as the trade with Europe shall decline, the commercial influence must lose its overbearing prevalence in the American republic. For commerce, in general, will then employ fewer heads and hands, seeing that no manufactured goods can be sent thither from Europe, when no returns of other goods can be expected; and if America should pay for her importations in cash, she would very soon be drained of that. She will, therefore, certainly be compelled to attempt to manufacture, herself, those articles which she received from Europe. The

* The astonishing fertility of Africa, exceeding every thing of the kind, known upon the globe, is proved by the fact, that grass, after having been burnt away, shoots up again in a single night.—See Zimmermann's translation of Wadstrom's Essay upon the colonization of America.

merchants, who previously traded to Europe, will be obliged to turn manufacturers and farmers. Consequently the manufacturing and producing capital will be increased, while that employed in trade will be diminished, and thereby the commercial interest itself will be weakened.

But there are yet other circumstances, of which I shall treat in the next chapter, and which will contribute to deprive the commercial interest of its present overbearing influence.

—

CHAPTER VII.

The trading interest will lose its present predominance, by the population of the western territory.

Many States will arise, westward of the Allegany mountain, and according to the Federal Constitution every state has two members in the Senate; so that the majority of the states decides, and not that of the people. At this day there are scarcely any, but commercial sea-port towns, and very few inland cities. The trading interest prevails therefore in the Senate, especially as the Senators are chosen from among the merchants and land-jobbers. By new inland States, a majority of the Senate in Congress, will turn in favour of the farming and manufacturing interests.

The election of President, is made by electors, chosen by the Legislature of each State, and equal in number, to all the representatives of the State, in Congress; both in the Senate and in the House of Representatives. When there shall be more anti-mercantile, inland states, the choice will not fall upon persons who favour the trading interest. In the house of representatives every state has a number of members in proportion to its population. For every 33000 persons there is one representative. When the western territory shall be more populous, it will in proportion to its numbers send to this lower house of Congress more representatives; who will all be adverse to the commercial interest; and thus the party against the speculators, which in this branch of Congress is already considerable, will obtain a complete ascendancy.

But the question arises here, which I must answer.....Why should the western states be anti-commercially inclined?

They can procure manufactured goods, and objects of luxury only from the sea-ports of the Atlantic States. For, as I have already observed, the navigation of the Missisippi, from New-Orleans upwards, is, owing to the rapidity of the stream, excessively tedious. It takes several months to go from New-Orleans to the mouth of the Ohio. Hence, the merchants from Kentucky, sell at New-Orleans the vessels, in which they brought corn, meal and other provisions, down the river to that city. They then embark for one of the seaports of the Atlantic states, or, as there are not always at New-Orleans, vessels belonging to those ports, they go first to the West-Indies, and thence to the eastern coast of North America.....In one of these ports, commonly Baltimore or Philadelphia, they purchase articles of manufactures and of luxury, for Kentucky, which they are obliged to transport by land, over hill and valley, many hundred miles, to Pittsburg. At Pittsburg, they are again embarked upon the Ohio, and thus forwarded to the place of their destination.

Such a journey and voyage always takes a year.... Consider, how much it must rase the price of foreign goods in this western territory. The enormous price of these goods will therefore necessarily bring the inhabitants to the thought of establishing manufactures in their own country, and the fertility of the land, which is competent to produce the finest materials, together with a great abundance of provisions, which, owing to the little exportation, must alw. ys remain proportionably cheap, will encourage such undertakings. As soon as manufactures shall once get a going there, the importation must, of itself, fall off, even without prohibition, because foreign goods will bear no competition, in price, with those manufactured in the country. Consequently the foreign trade, in those countries, will be next to nothing, and they will not be, on that account, more unhappy than those, where, as the phrase is, it flourishes.

I need not here set down the necessary consequence of all this. Where scarcely any body carries on foreign commerce, there will no laws be made for its encouragement, and where the advantage of the richest persons, who, in elective aristocracies, always hold the power in their hands, requires that in should not exist, laws against it will be made. In a farming and manufacturing state, the richest persons are the manufacturers, as well because manufactures commonly bring riches, as because the rich are best able to undertake such establishments. The western states will, therefore, work against the trading interest, and when, as must sooner or later happen, they shall obtain a majority in congress, the whole system of legislation will be pointed against speculation.

The population and culture of the western territory, will likewise essentially affect the export trade of the Atlantic states. These western countries can supply the West-Indies with corn, meal, and other provisions, cheaper, owing to the great fertility of their soil, and to the facility of conveyance down the river, than the Atlantic states. New-Orleans is much nearer to the Antilles, than any harbour of the eastern coast. This competition of the western country must depriceate the productions of the eastern states, and consequently the value of lands, their inhabitants, therefore, will be obliged to have recourse to raising silk and wine, as the cultivation of the vine will be less profitable.

The western states must, therefore, be the richest in money as well as in productions. At New-Orleans, which must in time become one of the greatest marts for goods, in the world, they will receive dollars for the goods, which they have brought down, and the merchants finding nothing there to purchase in return, will go home laden with silver, which will again contribute to the animation of industry there.

The population of the western country will also put an end to land speculations. For as from the concurrence of all the above-mentioned causes, the produce will keep at a more permanent and settled price, that of land will not rise and fall with such rapid alternatives, and nothing but improved cultivation will give rise to advanced prices.

This alteration of things will have the most beneficial influence upon the manners.

(To be continued.)

POLITICS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THOMAS PAINE'S EPISTLES, TO THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES.

A hoary drunkard, with each vice imbued,
Malignant, without wit, and without passion, lewd.
Country Gaz. U. S. Nov. 30th, 1802.

THE EXAMINER, No. V.

The patronage which the President of the United States, has at different times extended to such parasites as J. T. Callender and Thomas Paine, has been variously accounted for, by his political adherents. Christian charity, that dove-eyed virgin, "which hopeth all things, and endureth all things," has been invoked as the patroness of these base and abject *acts of bounty*, which afforded a temporary relief to "*suffering humanity.*" When generosity is prostituted to succour the unworthy, and when public morals are insulted, by an open, or covert avowal of deeds like these, the sane and sober of the community will exclaim, when speaking of Mr. Jefferson, "his *charity* is outrage; life his shame."

Were Mr. Jefferson a believer in the Christian religion, his motives might be ascribed to the practice of the cardinal virtues, and as *charity* is chiefest among the number, even the *bribing* of Callender, to vilify virtuous characters, might pass with some, as a venial error, arising from a mistaken notion of the essence of charity. Though in the broad language of scriptural phraseology, charity is said to hope all things, and endure all things, it would be the excess of candour, to construe Mr. Jefferson's munificence to Callender, into a laudable zeal to rescue a reprobate "from the error of his ways." This indeed would, in one sense, be "hoping all things," and in another sense, the toleration of such a being, as Thomas Paine, may justly be styled the "*enduring* of all things."

With respect to Paine, we hear much said of gratitude, and the rights of hospitality. I know not, for my part, under what obligations of gratitude Mr. Jefferson may lie, to Thomas Paine, nor do I know what inducement he may have, to accord him the rights of hospitality, so far, as first to give him a cordial invitation to leave France, and return to America, and then, to entertain him, as a guest, at his own table. These are probably private considerations of the President, with which I have no concern; but the public marks of personal esteem, which he has lavished upon Paine, constitute the offence, of which every true friend to the dignity and honour of his native country, has a right to complain. By the official defenders of these acts of the President, we are called upon to admire the gratitude and philanthropy of which they are evidence, and an invidious contrast, between the conduct of General Washington, and that of Mr. Jefferson, in their treatment of Paine, has been attempted, for the purpose of commending the latter, at the expense of the former.

When Paine, from a jail in Paris, wrote to General Washington, begging for the personal and official interference of that gentleman, to rescue him from the fangs of citizen Robespierre, little or no attention was paid to his petition. Why? Because Paine as a prisoner of state in France, and a naturalized French citizen, could have no right or pretence to be claimed by the American government, as a citizen of the United States. He was considered by the French government as an expatriated Englishman, and having been elected a deputy to the National Convention, was completely amenable to the government of his darling French republic. On the same grounds, and for the same reasons, the Envoy of the United States, then at Paris, refrained from claiming Paine as an American, though it is no secret, that Paine was very urgent in his solicitations for the interference of that minister. It was very convenient for Paine to have France, England and America, alike interested in his fate and fortunes, especially at the critical times of the French revolution, and in this proneness to change his condition, or to vary his climate, it is not easy to say, which he most resembles, a camelion or a cosmopolite. But according to modern-philosophy-jargon, we are "all camelions, we are all cosmopolites."

Paine was seized and imprisoned, as he says, by order of citizen Robespierre, for belonging to the Gironde, or *federal* party, in the Convention; there was also, at one period, another party or faction in France, to which Paine belonged; that was the *Egotist* or *I by itself I party*, and as he confesses or rather arrogates to himself the honour "to stand first on the list of federalists," so he is pre-eminently entitled to stand first on the list of *Egotists*. Since his return to America, he has found it convenient to disclaim federalism, but for Paine to renounce the Egotist party would be as impossible, as that the "Ethiopian should change his skin, or the Leopard his spots."

Paine plumes himself much upon his *humanity*, and as a striking example of it, he cites his vote in

the Convention, for saving the life of the king of France. He might have valued himself more upon his antipathy to the punishment of death, had he recollected, the "Reasons for preserving the life of Louis Capet, as delivered to the National Convention," by some-body in his name, in which we find the following eulogium upon the proposition of his then *dear friend, citizen Robespierre*, to "abolish that punishment."

"It has already been proposed, says Paine, to abolish the punishment of death; *and it is with infinite satisfaction, that I recollect the humane and excellent oration, pronounced by Robespierre, on that subject*, in the constituent Assembly."

This constitutional dread of death, which has so long afflicted Paine, is easily accounted for, and his inveteracy against General Washington, discovered itself with uncommon rancor, because that gentleman left him to get out of a French prison, as he got into it;—*by the exercise of his own wits*, and because he did not exert his personal influence to make Paine's life, *in his own estimation*, "worth twenty-four hours." I incline to think, that, for these last fifteen years, the life Paine has led, has made his existence so precarious, that any attempt to effect insurance upon it, by way of annuity, would have failed.

But why was not citizen Robespierre charged with *ingratitude*, for incarcerating citizen Paine and jeopardising his life? Paine had in the warmest terms, commended his project for abolishing the punishment of death, in which there was about as much sincerity, and far less impiety, in the festival he instituted *in honour* of the supreme Being; but as Paine did not "come forward in defence" of this latter project, he probably thought it one of Robespierre's "blunders," of which nothing could be made, and it is presumed, by his silence, on that occasion, he provoked the resentment of his former patron, who notwithstanding his "*humane and excellent oration*," was not over-scrupulous about "abolishing the punishment of death," in favour of citizen Thomas Paine.

"There must have been, (says Paine in his third epistle) a coalition in sentiment, if not in fact, between the terrorists of America and the terrorists of France, and Robespierre must have known it, or he could not have had the idea of putting America into the bill of accusation against me."

Now, it strikes me, that the coalition in sentiment, respecting Paine, is strongly exemplified, in the conduct of Robespierre and Mr. Jefferson towards him; the former would have brought Paine to the tribunal, which, he says, was like sending him at once to the scaffold, "for the interest of America as well as of France," and the latter invited him to return to this country, for the interest of France as well as America. Here is perfect reciprocity of good will towards Paine, for France is, at this time, quite as much interested in getting rid of him, as Mr. Jefferson thinks America is interested in receiving him.

The revolutionary wheel has turned round so often, that all such blanks as Thomas Paine, have been drawn out of the French lottery; he has come back to try his luck, once more, in the American lottery, and it is with no common sensations of shame and indignation, that I am constrained to believe, that his chance for a *prize*, in this country, is greater than it would be, in any other region of the habitable globe. Spirit of Jacobinism and Infidelity where wilt thou lead us!

THE EXAMINER.

Oliver Oldschool, Esq.

ESSAY V.

RELIGIOUS ESTABLISHMENTS.

It has been the labour of modern philosophy to attribute to religion itself all the abuses which pride, ambition, and avarice have grafted upon it; and by calling the attention to the many mischiefs which have been brought upon mankind through the pretence of religious zeal to disgust us; and to make us draw this inference, "that it is safer to trust to an instinctive love for our fellow-creatures, which can never be perverted to their annoyance, than to religious opinions, which have too frequently produced the seeds of hatred, intolerance, and persecution."

We have now seen the experiment fairly tried; religious opinions utterly discarded, and modern philosophy substituted in their stead; and we may now judge from our own experience, whether irreligion is less liable to fanaticism, and less capable of the extremes of violence, intolerance, and persecution. Let the massacre of so many thousand priests in cold blood; the expulsion of the rest of their body, sent into foreign lands to seek their subsistence with the fowls of the air—let the insults and cruel outrages offered to unoffending women, whose lives were destined to the offices of piety, and many of them devoted to the relief of their fellow-creatures in the most unwearied attention to the sick, speak the *indulgence* of philosophical toleration. Whilst every refinement of cruelty, every breach of trust and gratitude, every prostitution of morals in all possible shapes, proclaim the spirit of philanthropy, that has been so much insisted upon as a surer guide for our conduct, than the precepts of a religion that inculcates to its disciples "Peace on earth, and good-will towards men."

In order to accomplish the ruin of religion, these philosophers were too wise to alarm the consciences of the people, by proclaiming their intention; they prudently trusted to two expedients, which have proved effectual. The first was to strip the established church of all those appointments, which the piety of past times had provided for its external dignity; the other was, to avail themselves of the specious plea of liberty of conscience and full toleration; that all religious opinions might be put upon an equal footing with that established, which was, in effect, to destroy the establishment itself. It is true, that salaries to those who officiated in the church, which was still called the established one, were substituted instead of the tythes and estates, which, under the former laws of the country, were its independent property; but, it was well known, that this precarious endowment might, as the plan advanced, be diminished or suspended at pleasure, till the hours should come, when, as a public burden, they may venture totally to withdraw it.

There are evidently two lights in which religion may be considered: the one is as a matter of conscience to each individual, for which he is answerable to God only; in which nobody has a right to interfere with him, be his tenets ever so absurd and erroneous, farther than by persuasion, and the affording him better lights, if he chooses to avail himself of them. In this light, religion affects none but the individual; it is his own affair, and his own affair only; every man must go to Heaven in his own way—and if he has the misfortune to mistake the road, so much the worse for him.

But there is another light in which religion is to be considered as affecting the peace and happiness of the community we live in; and in this light we have certainly a right to give a decided preference in behalf of one set of religious opinions over another, in as much as the political authority, to which the safety of the people is committed, conceives the interest of the public to be more or less engaged. This preference I conceive to be perfectly compatible with such a toleration of the rejected doctrines, as shall leave that liberty of conscience, which enables every man to work out his own salvation.

When an established church, endowed with emoluments, has long taken root in the country, it is incorporated with the government itself; and any attempt to overthrow it must be attended not only with acts of crying injustice to individuals, who hold their benefices under the sanction of the laws, but must produce such convulsions to the state, as must shake the tranquillity of the nation to its foundations. A government is therefore bound to protect its church-establishment, not only from the motives upon which it was at first instituted, as having a preference over others, but as being so interwoven with the government itself as to endanger the whole fabric, if torn away from it by violence.

It is a natural consequence in this view of church establishments, that the power of the government, whether in the hands of the Legislators, or Administrators of it, should be trusted only to those who are attached to the established church. A King, a Parliament, or an Army, of a different Religion from that which the Government professes, would be as absurd as to trust the dearest concerns of a minor in the hands of the person who had the most immediate interest to betray them; in vain would you plead in favour of such a trust, that the guardian would be above taking advantage of his situation; nobody, in his senses, would think of putting his virtues to so severe a trial.

Government, in all its branches, from the highest to the lowest instrument of which it is composed, is an object of *trust*, and not of *right;* and nobody ought, in common sense, to complain that he is deprived of an advantage he has a just claim to, because he is not *trusted*, when he has placed himself voluntarily in a situation that ought to inspire *diffidence*.

Persecution is the depriving a man of those enjoyments he holds under the laws of his country, or which are inseparable from his nature. The liberty of conscience is certainly in the latter description, since no human power can controul the freedom of the mind; and the interest every man has in his future hopes, is a concern of so much greater importance than any temporary benefit, that it would be the extremest tyranny, if we were able to exact a sacrifice, that nothing can compensate.

But the participation in the government of a country, in any degree whatsoever, is no more a right inherent in our nature, and inseparable from it, than it is a right derived from laws which are eternal and immutable. The Legislature alone is competent to extend, or to restrict, the limits, within which men shall be deemed capable of the trust to be exercised by them; and the Executive Power of every government is alone capable of selecting such persons, within those limits, who are to be preferred in that appointment. In these appointments, it is evident, that, though the consciences of men might be embarrassed, by being compelled to accept them, nobody's conscience can be hurt from being excluded from them.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

BOSTON, OCTOBER 8, 1802.

SIR,

We are now making preparations for, and shall publish early in the spring, a very neat edition of "Johnson's Dictionary in Miniature; by the Rev. J. Hamilton," on a very fine wove paper, and a pearl type (casting for the purpose) to equal the last London edition; with which we will supply the trade, upon liberal terms, for cash, or in exchange for books of equal value.

We give this early information of our intentions to prevent gentlemen from entering upon the same work, as it will be attended with considerable expense, and we intend to have an extensive edition, so as to be able to supply the booksellers with such numbers as they may want.

We are, Sir,

Your humble servants,

Wm. P. & Lem. Blake.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE HONOURABLE JOHN RUTLEDGE.

Of all the barefaced impositions, which Jacobinic malice ever suggested, and which a still more daring effrontery is striving to carry through, we notice peculiarly the scandalous and nefarious attempt, made by a gang of ruffians, to injure the reputation of the Hon. John Rutledge, a distinguished delegate from the state of South Carolina, to the national legislature.

The public have long possessed the facts, on which the accusers of Mr. Rutledge rely to prove against him a charge of forgery, in having written, in another person's name, certain letters to the President of the United States, during the course of the last summer. A general verdict of acquittal has already been given in favour of this gentleman, by the public; and yet, for some unaccountable reason, the *original lie* is revived, and fills the *prostituted* columns of Denniston and Cheetham's newspaper, with, by far, the greater portion of its *original matter*. New-York has, indeed, been the theatre, on which this controversial drama has been principally acted, and, though hitherto we have been silent, we have not been disinterested spectators of the passing scenes. Denniston and Cheetham are but "puppets to some chief juggler behind the curtain," and it would be some satisfaction to know, from whom these *lying valets* receive their lessons. Mr. Blake, the Editor of the National Ægis, though a strong political foe to Mr. Rutledge, has had the justice to declare his *mature* opinion, "that the evidence is far from being sufficient to criminate that gentleman," and for this simple, though honest concession, Mr. Blake is himself assailed, by these *scavangers of faction*, with as much filth as they would, on other occasions, shower down upon a Federalist. But Mr. Blake is a man of education, and, by birth, an American. Denniston and Cheetham are neither one nor the other; they are consequently his natural foes, though they may be, *as politicians*, on the same side with Mr. Blake.

No parrallel to this LIE, fabricated against Mr. Rutledge, is remembered, so closely resembling it in many of its features, as the far-famed fable of *Jonathan Robbins*. That story was persisted in, by the Jacobin writers, till refutation was tired of its office, and the same spirit, which perpetuated that atrocious falsehood, is now busy in its efforts to fasten reproach upon the character of Mr. Rutledge.

To a native of New-England it is a humiliating reflection that, of both these plots, the scene was laid in *that region*, and though we have long regarded the little state of Rhode-Island as a troublesome excrescence upon the fair face of Federalism, we little expected that even Rhode-Island would have harboured reptiles, sufficiently venemous to poison the good name of an unoffending stranger.—From this general reproach against that state, which a flagrant outrage upon the laws of hospitality, committed by some of its inhabitants, has extorted from us, we feel a pride in making an honorable exception in favor of those individuals, who, from a laudable anxiety to wipe off so foul a stain upon the character of the state, eagerly volunteered a flattering address to Mr. Rutledge, upon the eve of his departure from Newport, wherein they disclaim, with just abhorrence, all countenance or credit, to the tale of slander, which had been so mischievously propagated, at his expense. We aim the shafts of censor and reproof at *knaves; honesty* is a target which we shall never intentionally assail; we court the approbation of the latter with the same assiduity, as we covet the hatred of the former.

CONTRAST BETWEEN LONDON AND PARIS.

It cannnot be denied, that these two cities, and their inhabitants, have manners, taste, and turn of mind, quite opposite. In France, they raise houses, in England, they dig them up. An Englishman does not believe he is conveniently lodged, when he has not a whole story under ground. This under-ground story contains not only remarkably well ordered, clean and elegant kitchens, but well furnished apartments for chamber-maids, chief cooks, &c.

In warm countries, they may raise up pillars, they only want a roof. In cold countries, good thick walls, that can preserve from the inclemencies of the weather. In more northern countries, walls are insufficient....people have to inhabit under ground.

What is fine in Paris, is ugly in London; and what is fine in London, is ugly in Paris. You must come to Paris, to see fine houses, and to London, to see fine streets. Out of two Englishmen, that arrive at Paris, one commonly admires its magnificence, the other its ugliness. Two Frenchmen, going to London, may receive the like impression. London is the city of a sad, clean, and reasonable people. Paris, the city of an heedless, elegant people: In Paris, they love all that is fine: they set too high a value upon life, not to employ it in useful and convenient pursuits. An Englishman endeavours, above all things, to put himself in good circumstances, but with an awkwardness, peculiar to himself, he takes so much pains that, provided he has gained his object, he is too weak to go beyond it.

It is not more than forty years, that the city of London has been paved; or at least, it was so badly paved before, thatit was difficult to walk in it. They could not ride in carriages, with less difficulty, on account of the joltings. Pavements were not invented, in London, through luxury, but through necessity. On the contrary, Paris has been this long time well paved, and for this very reason, they have not thought of pavements.

The people of Paris get up, at least, an hour sooner than those of London. In London, in winter time, the shops are scarcely open at nine o'clock in the morning.

It is a fact, worth being remarked, that the several tradesmen, and all people of the lower class, are much more respectable, in London, than in Paris. In Paris, a servant will speak to his master, without his being asked to speak; the same, in London, would be looked upon as insulting.

They may count handsome women, in London, in the following manner; out of ten common, one is *pretty enough;* out of ten *pretty enough*, one is pretty; out of ten *pretty*, one is *handsome*:..... Beauty there is in proportion of one thousand to one. In France, pretty women are, perhaps, in as great a number as in England; but the handsome ones are much more scarce. It is true to say, that what is *fine* in France, is much more so, than in any country in the world.

The outskirts of the cities are as different as the interior. You are no sooner out of Paris, than you meet with beautiful roads, bordered with trees. In England, plantations of trees are to be seen only in the country seats of the inhabitants; the roads are narrow and naked. The northern part of London, by Hamstead, has a striking resemblance with Crimea or Tartaria: there are seen numberless meadows, stretching out in Herfordshire: hills, valleys, mountains, are covered with meadows: these meadows are without trees, separated here and there by some little hedges. On these meadows, close by the city, there is a nightly guard of four or five thousand cows, in five or six separate camps. The noise of coaches, the bellowing of flocks, the labours of rural and pastoral life, the show of luxury and opulence of the city,....no,....no other country presents so curious and strange an assemblage.

MR. INCLEDON.

This gentleman has compiled and composed a musical collection, intitled Variety, consisting of all his favourite songs, and many beautiful new airs. With this he proposes to make a tour through all the principal cities and towns of England, Scotland, and Ireland, upon the Dibdinian plan, and with well founded hopes of reaping a rich harvest. His company consists of Mr. Incledon, Davis, his violin, and his man servant. He fills the whole vocal department himself—Davis constitutes the band, and the servant is to be door keeper and treasurer. [*Lon. pap.*

TO REMOTE SUBSCRIBERS.

Gentlemen, who are studious to cherish a literary journal, but who, distant from Philadelphia, and occupied with higher cares, forget, or procrastinate our trifling claims, are respectfully reminded, that the increasing expense of the establishment requires a strict punctuality of payment. Remote subscribers are requested to correspond with the Editor, and let the topics be cash, and increasing patronage.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Z. has a most "gentleman-like contempt for the pedantry of grammar, and a poetical abhorrence of dull matter of fact."

The EXAMINER probes Paine to the very core. This miserable pamphleteer appears, however, to be unworthy of a disquisition, so elaborate. In 1776 and 1777, he threw about his squibs and crackers, with some eclat; and though he has fired nothing but a pop-gun against religion and government, yet, in the opinion of the tickled *mob*, he made something like an *explosion*. But now, alas! "*Pistol's flash is out.*" Paine's recent compositions are as remote from correctness or neatness of stile, as they are from logical precision, and the laws of truth and decency.

The Author of "Alliteration," a poem, is requested to write more. The Editor is pleased with such poetry.

The Editor most fervently wishes, that a a scholar, so elegant, and a poet, so harmonious, as HARLEY, would furnish something for every Port Folio.

"JAQUES" has the exquisite sensibility, the "humorous sadness," and the moral perceptions of his namesake, without his libertinism.

The Editor is honoured and delighted with many elegant essays, from the ingenuity of the ladies.

We shall be glad to hear from "EDWARD."

"FERDINANDO" merits our constant attention.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ADDRESS TO A LADY, LEAVING EDINBURG.

When to the Highland hills you go
  Will you remember me?
Nor bid the thoughts, that then must flow,
  Unwish'd intruders be?

For though ere long across the tide
  I must my course pursue;
Beyond the ocean, rolling wide,
  I will remember you.

You soon shall trace each mountain scene,
  And every breezy vale,
That frequent in your thoughts has been,
  And frequent in your tale.

Each well known mountain scene again
  With rapture you shall see;
Yet, 'midst the pleasures of Bovain,*
  Bestow one thought on me.

The rising morn shall soon reveal
  Each friend's long absent face,
And soon shall you enraptur'd feel
  A parent's warm embrace.

With answering joy the transports greet
  Of friends sincere and free;
With joy a tender parent greet,
  But, Oh! forget not me.

And soon, perhaps, your long lost charms,
  Shall greet a lover's eyes,
Who quick shall clasp you to his arms
  With pleasure and surprise.

If then there be some favour'd youth,
  Who oft has urg'd his plea,
Oh love him, and reward his truth,
  But sometimes think of me!

ITHACUS.

THE BARD TO HIS CANDLE.

BY A FRIEND.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Hail bright companion of my lonely hours!
  My midnight sun, with faintly glimm'ring ray,
To thee thy master now a sonnet pours,
  Accept the verse—'tis all the bard can pay.

When solemn darkness veils the gloom spread earth,
  And Night, with sable sceptre, rules the plain,
What time pale Fear gives fancied spectres birth,
  And imag'd terrors fill the vulgar brain.

Then to my silent chamber I retire,
  Where books and musing solitude invite,
With secret pleasure trim my cheerful fire,
  And from its flame my frugal taper light.

More dear to me thy little quivering rays
  Which scarce illume my silent study round,
Than the proud glare where thousand torches blaze,
  And Mirth and Folly pour their mingled sound.

These spread their light, with glitt'ring radiance fraught,
  To chace reflection from the heedless throng;
Thy sober beam assists the poet's thought,
  Inspires the lay, and tunes his soul to song.

By thy lone light, full oft the muse has wove,
  Or tale, or song in Fancy's flowing loom;
Oft has she breath'd in plaintive notes of love,
  And mourn'd her fate, a hapless lover's doom.

Thou sole companion of each anxious care,
  Did'st yield sweet solace in this pensive hour,
My bosom's various thought did'st seem to share,
  And rise or fall with sympathetic power.

When transient joy beam'd rapture to my breast,
  In Fancy's eye I saw thee brighter shine;
And when my heart some hov'ring fear confest,
  With gloom congenial did thy flame decline.

To thee the poet's grateful song is due,
  To thee, my friend, (for social is thy kind,)
More than companion, thou'rt a teacher too,
  And much of moral shew'st the observant mind.

Thy gradual waste, in unperceiv'd decay,
  May well, to man, a moral lesson teach,
Thus glide his years in silent course away
  Towards that bourne we all are doom'd to reach.

Be thou my friend—and as thy lustre mine;
  And when life's lamp but gleams with feeble power,
Clear as thy flame may parting reason shine,
  Warm in decay, and bright in life's last hour.

A SKETCH OF LEMON-HILL, THE SUMMER RESIDENCE OF H..... P....., ESQ.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Here varied beauties charm the ravish'd sight,
And animate the breast with pure delight.
Gay flowers, and trees, from tropic regions bloom
In vernal pride, and shed a rich perfume;
The aromatic plant, and curling vine,
And glowing fruit and blossoms sweet combine!
Rich without ostentation, simply grand,
See on an eminence the mansion stand,
No gaudy ornaments, no glitter there,
No empty show to catch the vulgar stare;
It speaks a transcript of the owner's mind,
Conceptions just, and sentiments refin'd!
Fit residence for her, as good as fair,
The partner of his love and fondest care.
Mean'd'ring near, the Schuylkil gently flows
Inspiring tranquil joy, or bland repose.
Romantic stream! though still unknown in song,
Thy name shall yet inspire the poet's tongue.
The votive lay, by some enraptur'd bard,
In sweetly flowing accents shall be heard;
Not lov'd Scamander's fairer fame shall crown,
Or Ganges, boast a more diffus'd renown.
Near scenes that show the cultur'd hand of art,
Nature, with plastic power, displays her part.
In rude magnificence each rising hill,
And pendant rock, the busy fancy fill.
See craggy cliffs in various forms appear,
And such deep shades as anchorites revere.
Below these scenes the Schuylkil gently glides,
Rising and falling with alternate tides.

L.

SONG.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

TRANSLATED IMPROMPTU FROM THE FRENCH, AT THE REQUEST OF A YOUNG LADY.

Ah! Thyrsis return, and my torments remove;
  How painful the moments when absent from thee!
Upbraid me no more for concealing my love,
  But read this torn heart and my punishment see.

Thy image, through these silent groves as I stray,
  Diffuses its balm o'er the wounds of my breast,
With delight I recall thy soft languishing lay,
  Where all thy emotions in rapture were drest.

Ah! how could my reason deny my fond choice,
  When in thee she beheld all my soul could approve;
That look too expressive, that eloquent voice,
  First spoke to my bosom and taught it to love
Without fear, unresisting, I yielded to fate,
  No doubt racks the heart which love deigns to sublime;
Should I dare against virtue suspicion create?
  Ah! no—when could happiness spring from a crime!

FERDINANDO.

SELECTED POETRY.

PIC NIC.

[Our curiosity has long been in search of an accurate definition of the fashionable watch-words *Pic Nic*, under the protection of which many a splendid, and many a convivial circle has been convened. In the following interpretation, we are gratified with vivacity and humour, if we still remain in the dark, as to the true meaning of these eccentric terms.]

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Colonel Greville.

What is Pic Nic? I hear you all exclaim,
What does it mean, and whence the odious name?
It means no mischief, thus far may I tell,
Nor is it, as some think, an imp of Hell!
Though, if believ'd, like talismans of old,
It gives to its possessor wealth untold.
Some think 'tis certainly Pandora's box,
While others think it simply means the stocks!
Miss Magnet blushing lisps—it means the straw,
But's comforted when told, we act by law.
Some say none better can define the word
Than Billy Townshend and sir Richard Ford;
While others, though in Johnson they can't find it,
Still somehow think that Sheridan's defin'd it.
  For me, though 'gainst my will, I frankly own,
Its mystic qualities must soon be known;
For saunt'ring up St. James's street to-day,
I heard a friend explain it in this way:
A Pic Nic is a devilish clever plan,
Invented when the scarcity began;
By which a supper by the guests is given,
That feeds the host at least six days in seven;
And while it promises to make them merry,
Replenishes his bins with Port and Sherry.
A general laugh announced the approbation
With which Pic Nic receiv'd interpretation,
While sneaking off, quite vex'd, I plainly saw,
Our Pic Nic damn'd by satire, not by law.
To you, more lib'ral, I commit my fate,
Oh! save my fame, by emptying ev'ry plate;
Leave no nice pickings for your needy host,
And grant some respite to the Morning Post.
But e'er with modest look I make my bow,
One word to proper manly pride allow.
Under whatever name this meeting goes,
'T has rais'd a host of mean malignant foes;
Not such as gen'ral blame should summon forth,
But foes alike to candour as to worth.
If then th' amusements of ten social nights,
Raise Virtue's blush, or trench on patent rights,
Like Birnam's wood that walk'd to Dunsinane,
Make poor St. Giles take root in Drury-Lane—
If this be prov'd, why then one hour endure
A trifling pleasure, neither just nor pure?
But if your reason owns no better cause
For tamely yielding, than newspaper laws—
Or what, perhaps, you'll deem more galling still,
The lordly mandates of the Green-Room will;
Then let that reason spurn a mimic throne,
And others rights respecting—Guard your own.

PUBLISHED FOR
THE EDITOR & ELIZABETH DICKINS,
BY WILLIAM FRY,
NO. 25, NORTH SECOND-STREET.
H. MAXWELL, PRINTER.

* The seat of ——— Esq. Perthshire.